

TERMS.

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THOU ART GONE.

I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest;
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad;
Where Love has put off, in the land of its birth;
The stain it had gathered in this,
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss.

I know thou art gone where thy forehead is starred
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul—
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
Nor thy heart flung back from its goal;
I know thou has drunken of Lethe that flows
Through a land that they do not forget—
That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.

This eye must be dark, that as yet is not dimmed,
Ere again it may gaze upon thee;
But my heart has revelations of thee, and thy home,
In my a token and sign;
I never look up with a vow to the sky,
But a light, like thy beauty, is here;
And I hear a low murmur, like thine, in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

In thy far away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine;
And thy love, that made all things as music to me,
I have not yet learned to resign;
In the hush of the night—on the waste of the sea—
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.

And though like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapped in the mantle of care,
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh, call it not gloom—
Is not the black grief of despair.
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears,
And Hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, in tears.

From the N. Y. True Sun.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

A Sketch from the French.

BY MRS. E. S. SMITH.

Early one winter morning a young man was seen walking carelessly to and fro on the *Place du Louvre*. By many peculiarities in his manner and appearance, it was easy to discover that he was a stranger. He was awaiting with anxiety the moment when he might enter the palace, but his anxiety arose less from a desire to behold the pictures, than a wish to escape the cold, which was severe, and which now almost benumbed his shivering and thinly clad form. Without an asylum—without resources—robbed the previous evening, in a crowd, of the little purse that contained all his slender fortune, he had been compelled to pass the night on the stone steps of a neighboring hotel. That night was cold and seemingly endless. Joyfully he hailed the dawn, and joyfully he greeted the moment when the doors of the Louvre were opened. He entered immediately, and, after presenting to the royal concierge a card, bearing the name of Frederick * * *, proceeded with rapid steps to the gallery of paintings.

His first glance was directed to the picture which he had placed there for exhibition. It was a work which had long been the object of his fondest hopes and most unwearied toil—a work for whose completion he had unhesitatingly sacrificed all his resources. When it was at length finished; when, after many months of ceaseless toil and study, he had transferred to the canvass the brilliant ideas which had illumined his youthful imagination, his art satisfied him no longer. He wanted glory. He thought of Paris and its celebrated exhibition. To display his picture there was the fondest desire of his soul, and this desire was at length gratified at the price of many sacrifices. The last was the sale of a few jewels, the only inheritance he had received from his poor, departed mother. Then picking up his picture, and slinging it over his shoulder, he set out, alone, and on foot, without a friend to conduct him on the way, or a kindly voice to murmur "advice."

He left, in the city from whence he de-

BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

Vol. 4.

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No. 15.

parted, a young and beautiful girl, whose smiling features he had many times transferred to the canvass, and whose buoyant steps he had often followed with the most respectful devotion. But never had he ventured to address her, for she was far above him in rank, and the poor, unknown artist believed it necessary to earn fame and fortune ere he could hope for the smiles of the high-born and beautiful Marie.

This was the reason why he had sighed for glory, and summoned resolution to seek it at almost any cost. For this he had toiled over his picture; for this he had left his father-land and repaired to Paris. And now he found himself among strangers, without money, without a shelter, and without bread.

Whilst he remained in the gallery sadly musing on the events of his past life, or thinking despondingly of the future, a crowd began gradually to fill the saloon, and the people gathered in groups before the "Rachel" of Leckmann, "The Fighting Bull" of Barcassat, or the sometimes grave, sometimes gay picture of Biard. At this time the young artist hastened from the room, for he feared that the scorn of the visitors for his production, or their severe criticisms upon it would destroy his last and dearest consolation—the frail belief in his talent—and he felt that the loss of this belief would be more terrible than death. He sought refuge in the Gallery of Antiquities. There, overcome by the fatigue and cold he had endured the preceding night, and exhausted by hunger and anxiety, he sunk upon the first resting place he found. This was a bench placed near a glass case which contained Egyptian Antiquities. Whilst seated there, and gazing abstractedly at the curious objects around him, his head gradually sunk upon his breast, and he fell into an uneasy kind of slumber. The measured steps of a watchman who paced slowly through the vast apartment; echoed solemnly around, and mingled with the sleeper's troubled dreams.

The artist had unknowingly rested his arm on the glass case behind him. Suddenly it yielded and broke under the weight that pressed it. Imagine the feelings of the poor youth when, awaking with a start of surprise, he became conscious of what had happened.

"The sentry will discover this ruin and demand the price of the broken glass. He will detain me if I attempt to escape, and, alas! I have not even the small sum necessary to pay for the damage I have done. What shall I do? What will be the consequences of this unlooked for misfortune?" Whilst these thoughts passed through his mind, the youth feigned sleep, and dared not withdraw his arm, although a bit of glass, or some other object, pricked his elbow, and caused him considerable pain. "If some miracle does not extricate me from this unpleasant difficulty," thought he, "I am undone. Oh! that I possessed some talisman that would give me power to remove this formidable sentry from his post, until I had time to escape!"

Scarcely had he formed this desire when the footsteps of the watchman grew fainter, and then died away in the distance. The artist opened his eyes, and with unspeakable pleasure found himself alone. To leap up, dart rapidly from the room, and mingle with the crowd, was but the work of a moment. Then, quite surprised at his good fortune, and breathless from the effects of his hasty flight, he paused to compose his thoughts. What was his joy, on looking around, to behold a great crowd collected before his picture.

"Can it be," thought he, "that the misfortunes which have so long pursued me are to cease? Can it be that some of these people are going to purchase my picture? No; it is folly to think so. Because I have had the good fortune to escape from one unpleasant situation, I surely need not hope to extricate myself from all. Alas! I have not a talisman; without that—"

He was interrupted in these thoughts by two persons advancing from the group and approaching the place where he stood. One was a dignified looking old man, and the other a young gentleman well known for his immense fortune and his passionate love for the arts.

"Charles" said the elder of the two, "let me purchase this picture. You owe me this proof of affection. I have but a short time longer to live, and you are my only heir. Allow me, then, to enjoy this wondrous work of art."

"Well, I yield it to you," replied the young man, "on condition that the artist's next work shall be for me."

Frederick heard this conversation, and fancied himself in a dream; but he was

soon assured of the truth of what he had heard when the speakers smilingly came forward and addressed him.

"You will pardon me, monsieur," said the young man, "for speaking of business in this place; but my uncle, the Prince de * * *, earnestly desires an introduction to you, and wishes to become the purchaser of your picture."

"Yes sir," said the Prince, "and I pray you to receive immediately the price of your work." At the same time he presented the artist with the money, and added, "I desire another picture of the same dimensions."

"And I two others, similar to this," said the young man; "and, in order that I may consider your earliest services engaged, permit me to hand you the price of those pictures."

"It will afford us much pleasure," said the Prince, "if you will come and dine with us to-day. You will meet a number of your countrymen at my house. Here is my address. Adieu until this evening."

The two gentlemen then departed, and Frederick remained, overwhelmed with astonishment, on the spot where they had left him. He held in his hand thirty thousand francs in bank notes. "It is a dream," said he, "or I have become insane!"

The movement of his arm which accompanied this exclamation caused something to fall at his feet. This proved to be two bits of glass, which had stuck to his elbow, and an antique Egyptian ring. The youth, after picking up the ring and examining it attentively, determined at first, quite naturally, to restore it to the case whence he had so unconsciously taken it; and he was already directing his steps towards the hall of antiquities for that purpose, when his attention was attracted by a group of young ladies assembled before one of the pictures. This sight caused his heart to pound, and his thoughts to take quite a different direction; for, in the form of one of the ladies whose back was towards him, he discovered a resemblance to his long loved and beautiful Marie. He stood fascinated to the spot, gazing eagerly at the figure, which he feared would prove some unreal apparition, and vanish from his eyes. The young girl turned suddenly towards him. Oh, happy surprise, it was indeed Marie! With feelings of indescribable delight and astonishment, the artist advanced to address her. She receiving his greeting with a smile of unmingled pleasure. The young lady was accompanied by her mother. This wealthy Baroness, who had formerly treated the youth with indifference and inattention, now graciously advanced, and was the first to speak.

"Health and happiness to you, Monsieur Frederick. Will you permit a country woman to congratulate you upon the brilliant reputation you have gained at this exhibition, and the glory you have reflected upon Germany, our own blest and beautiful country? Believe me, my dear young artist, it was with tears of joy and pride that I gazed for the first time upon your admirable picture."

Saying this, the Baroness extended her hand, and warmly pressed that of the bewildered youth. Then Marie also drew nearer, and spake a few words, in a sweet low voice, and turned her tearful eyes admiringly upon the picture. And when Frederick ventured to request it, she passed her arm confidently through his, and walked proudly past the crowd, who turned to gaze upon the artist, and to murmur, in subdued tones of admiration, his own honored name.

Agitated and overcome by the multitude of new emotions that thrilled his soul, Frederick began to entertain strange thoughts respecting the sudden change in his fortunes, and the many blessings that had been showered upon him for the last two hours. Educated in the school of Hoffman, and superstitious, as all young imaginative Germans are, he could not attribute his good fortune to say anything short of enchantment. Now, as this good fortune had commenced at the moment when he had, in so singular a manner, come into possession of the Egyptian ring, a whimsical thought entered his mind, and awakened the belief that this ring possessed mysterious and magic properties. Once under the influence of this delusion, every thing seemed explained—every thing appeared probable. At that moment, he would not have resigned the antique relic for all the treasures of the world; for it was, in his estimation, the talisman of his happiness.

When the German ladies took leave of the young artist, they warmly pressed him to come and see them, and appointed the next morning for the time of his visit.

Despite this pleasant anticipation, he saw them depart with feelings of deep regret.

The remainder of the day he devoted to the necessary preparations for the evening; and during his drive to the different shops which he had to visit for that purpose, he was constantly revolving in his mind, the idea whether his ring was or was not a veritable talisman. He finally concluded, that, if it was the instrument of his happiness, and had power to gratify his wishes, it would certainly realize the one then uppermost in his mind—that of seeing Marie again that evening at the dwelling of the Prince.

He had little hope that this test of the talismanic properties of his ring would prove satisfactory; but, in the fond wish that it might, he took good care to make his toilet in the most elegant manner. When he left the fashionable hotel in which he had taken lodgings; few would have recognized the needy-looking young man of the morning in the beautiful youth, whose fine form was now splendidly attired, and whose face was now radiant with smiles of joy.

When he entered the prince's saloon, he was received with the most gratifying attention. Warm welcomes and hearty congratulations greeted him from every side, but he remained for a few moments silent and overcome with surprise; for he beheld, not only his Marie, but another friend, whom he, till that instant, believed far distant in his father land. This friend was a learned antiquarian, named Fritz Mayer. He was dear to Frederick, for he had been the companion of his childhood—the confident of his love for Marie—the sharer of his hopes and fears. After a fond salutation the two friends retired to the embrasure of a window, that they might speak more freely.

"Thou hast become a great painter, Frederick," said Fritz Mayer; "thou wilt be rich and respected; thou wilt be blessed with the gratification of thy fondest desires; for, at any time you name, you can wed her whom you so long and devotedly loved. I have told the Baroness of your affection, and the good lady wept with joy while hearing the glad news. 'Frederick my son' said she—'Frederick the husband of my Marie! Ah, it is a blessing for which I shall long thank Heaven. Never have I dared to ask for my beloved child a lot so glorious and so happy!'"

"Oh, my talisman!—my talisman!" cried the bewildered and delighted artist.

Fritz, in surprise, asked an explanation of these words; and Frederick related the history of the Egyptian ring, and the mysterious influence it had exercised over his destiny. Fritz took the ring and examined it with a smile.

"My friend," said he, "this is an antiquity of modern manufacture. It may deceive antiquarians of superficial knowledge and easy belief; but it does not, you may be assured, possess any magic powers."

"But how can you then, explain the supernatural happiness that has all at once changed my destiny, as if by a stroke of enchantment?"

"By another talisman," replied Fritz, "more precious than this ring. By a talisman that thou dost in truth possess—talent, perseverance, and genius!"

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

BY MISS SKELTON.

Ask me not how I love thee. Feel this heart
Beat to thine own with pulses wild and high;
Let its mute throbbings tell how dear thou art—
Take from these gazing eyes a passionate reply.

I cannot speak my love. But I can be
Thine own through life and death—and only thine.
Thy love may fail or cool, but mine for thee
Is life-long worship at a changeless shrine.

That raven hair may bleach—that lofty brow
Lose its calm beauty—that pure heart its truth;
But mine shall keep these perfect—mine shall
throw

Round thy sad failing age the hope and power
of youth.

Thy path is now amid the bright and gay,
Thyself so gay and bright; but change must come;
And those who share thy noon-tide's sunny way
Will enter not with thee thy quiet evening home.

Then shalt thou know how deeply I have loved—
Then wilt thou turn to me; and, heart to heart,
We, from our calm retreat, will watch, unmoved,
The flicker summer friends of thy proud life depart!

THE BRIGHTEST PART OF LOVE is Confidence. It is that perfect, that unhesitating reliance, that interchange of every idea and every feeling, that perfect community of the heart's secrets and the mind's thoughts, which binds two beings together more closely, more clearly than the dearest of human ties, more than the vow of passion, or the oath of the altar. It is that confidence which, did we not deny its sway, would give to earthly love a permanence that we find but very seldom in this world.

"AFFECTING STORY."

The robbery of the Trust Company is not the only tragedy of which the town of Columbus has been the scene. Mrs. Elizabeth G. Thompson has also been robbed of a jewel (of a man), and adviseth with the public touching the same, in words following, to wit:

\$5 Reward.—Left my bed and board, without any just cause or provocation, my husband, Alexander Thompson, to whom I was lawfully married by Squire McKendree. The said Thompson left this city a few days since, for parts unknown to his loving wife. My husband is about twenty-four or five years old, but has not yet arrived at the years of discretion. He is about five feet six inches high, dark complexion, blue, jealous looking eyes, and is usually suspicious and distrustful of those he takes an interest in. Any one who will give information of the above personage to me, at Columbus, will receive the above reward, and the thanks of a most chaste, virtuous and disconsolate wife.

ELIZABETH G. THOMPSON.

COLUMBUS, May 21.

Editors who feel disposed to aid the cause of injured innocence, will please publish the above.

Surely this Alexander is a wayward chicken to ramble from the sheltering wing of so careful a hen, and we should not be surprised to learn that he is of kin to him of whom was writ in sad heroics,

"Oh! Tommy Thompson! Tommy Thompson, ah!"

A literary correspondent of the Columbus Enquirer, foreboding the anxious curiosity of the public, has, in a touching narrative, unveiled the hymeneal history of the "ill-star'd wench" Elizabeth. We cannot forbear quoting a part—

"Don't you recollect sum 7 or eight months ago a rich widder that lum from Stewart County up here spakky? She kourted a Mister Thompson, retale dealer in water-melons, appals and neck noed sperits, jist a leetle abov Ruse and Barnard's store, opposit Captain Barrow's hotel. After she had addressed him fur a short tyme, he begun to fele 'tender emotions,' and fy-nally when he hurd she had \$30,000 Dollars he 'could hold out no longer,' on the war married. The next mornin he swore she was an angel—a oman what jist suited him, for she hadnt bort a pare of shuse in 7 months, and she was rich. He consulted sevral Lawyers about the best way fur him to go about takin charge of his DELICIOUS EFFEY and after gittin thur advise he went to hur home to proclaim himself 'monarch of all he surved.' He found that all warnt gold that glitters—an unfein retel! has desurted his better half. She ar now on the look out fur him, so she can give him a change of klothin, (afsk-kunat kreter) for she sez he didnt karry enny with him. She requested me to sa tu u if I could git enne infurmashun konsumin hur, that you wod oblyge hur by drappin hur a fu lynes thur the post office; and that she wishes u to rekwest the President of Texas not to let him marry before she gits thar.

"Hale holy flame—hale saked tye,
Whit bines 2 gentul soles in I;
On ekwal wings thur pleshurs fly
In ekwal strems thur sorrows run."

Jist du all u kan fur the pore oman. O' wimmin, lovely wimmin! Judge Kolquitt said in a speech he maid in the Kort House on Greene's troyal, that u was the konectin link between man and the Devil.—*Chas. Linton Mercury.*

From Mr. Coleman's Agricultural speech, delivered at Rochester.

WISE WORDS TO FARMERS.

I know with what disdain many persons look upon the profession of the farmer. "It is a dirty business," say they. This offends the pride of many of these fine people, who think themselves made of porcelain, and not of common clay. It is dirt, however, which is easily washed off; but there is a good deal of dirt which men are apt to get upon themselves in their professions and occupations, which the burning tears of penitence even will not scald off. "But it has to do with manures, and offends the refined taste." Oh! the nonsense and folly of fools! and yet, in the wonder-working providence of God, this refuse becomes the creator and source of beauty, and is to be converted into flowers, coveted as the richest ornaments to deck even the brow of maiden majesty, and into fruits as fair and luscious as ever hung from the boughs of Eden. "But then the farmer and the farmer's habitations are vulgar, and ungainly, and slovenly, and offensive." There is no order; neatness is utterly renounced; the gates are unhung; the fences are down; broken vehicles and scattered woodpiles, encumber the door-yards, and old hats and baize petticoats ornament the broken windows. The hogs get into the kitchen, and never discover that they are not at home until they are warned with the broomstick to quit. The hair of the bare-legged, unwashed children, looks as if they had been laid out in the snow to whiten, and had never been combed but with an apple tree brush. The mistress of the house is slipshod, and appears as though she had crawled out of the grease closet to toast herself at the cooking stove, and the master, poor man! seems to have been afflicted with the hydrophobia from his youth, and to have been subjected daily to a regular daubing, from his eyes down, with mud and tobacco juice. But I'll not finish the picture; and I will admit that, in too many cases, it is true to the life. You may say anything of its shamefulness, its disreputableness, its offen-

siveness, that you please, and I will agree to all of it. But none of it is necessary, no more than it is necessary in the palace yard.

It is stated, by intelligent travellers, that the cow-stables of the Dutch farmers are so perfectly clean, that you might even dine in them without offence; and that no Dutch farmer is ever suffered to come into his house from his work, until he has exchanged his dirty shoes at the door for a pair of clean slippers. I know that a monarchical government prevails in those countries, the spirit of which probably diffuses itself into all the departments of society. But if our wives in this republican country have not here power enough of which some of us (I say it with all diffidence) surely can have no doubt, I would move for an application at once to the legislature, to give them the complete sovereignty of their own domicils, provided only they will keep their own shoes up to the heel, their aprons clean, their caps tied, and their children washed; and provided, also, that they will renounce and denounce, and never suffer their premises to be polluted by that accursed and filthy weed, which is the bane of all decency, and the corrupter of all good manners; but send it after its twin brother, whiskey, who seems fast going, by general acclamation, to his own proper place.—Where that place is, it might not be civil for me to say, though I believe no honest man can doubt.

There is no reason why a farmer's premises should not present an example of perfect neatness and order; why there should not be a place for everything, and everything in its place; why the doorstep of the sink should be under the window; why the pinstriped should make a part of the family habitation; or why, indeed, there should be anything on the premises to offend the most delicate and sensitive. I can show you many an example of this beautiful neatness and order.

The religious sect called Shakers are models in this respect. They find no difficulty in keeping everything in order. The most severe cleanliness reigns in every part of the premises. They effect this by a rigid system of neatness and order. There is no difficulty in doing this, where you can secure the voluntary co-operation of the household; and there is, in such arrangements, steadily and resolutely maintained as much economy of time, as there is of health and comfort.

I can point to innumerable individual habitations, and I had almost said, such has been the powerful influence of example, to whole villages, where the same habits of neatness and order universally prevail; and where, consequently, the air itself is breathed with a healthier and heartier inspiration.

Happy would it be for our farmers, if in addition to renouncing that slovenliness, which far too generally prevails, and which in truth in every case involves not an inconsiderable loss of property, and making exactness and order triumphant in every part of their premises as beautiful as they can be made. Appearances should be studied in everything connected with their farms and houses. There is no class of men, in any condition of life, who have within their reach more of the materials and elements of beauty, and at a cheaper rate, than the dwellers in the country.—Trees, plants, flowers, vines, are everywhere to be had for the mere trouble of getting, in some of those half-days or half-hours which occur in the busiest conditions of life, and which are so carelessly squandered by men who forget that the largest sum is composed of units as atoms make up the mountain, and drops form the ocean.

I would have them study the principles of refined taste in the construction of their farm buildings, and observe the rules of architectural proportion and architectural beauty in all their erections, whether it be a wigwam, a log cabin, a stable, or even a pig-sty. But why should we do this? Because proportions are not matters of arbitrary determination, but they are fixed in nature; the violation of them is always of a fensive; the observance of them always gives pleasure. Such erections cost no more than buildings constructed with an entire disregard to them. Then, again, in the construction and condition of farms, implements and vehicles, though I would not encourage any useless finery, yet I would have them made in the best manner, and kept in the best condition. This should be done on the plainest principles of economy. An implement, a wagon, or a carriage, that is neatly painted and varnished, and kept clean, will be so much the more carefully used. In general, what men most value, they will most care for; what they take most pains to keep, they will take most pains in using; what those about you see you value, unless in cases of extraordinary perversity, they will value. How constantly do we hear the expressions, "It is new, don't deface it!" "It is clean, don't soil it!" or, "It is dirty, or broken, or old, I don't care for it!" Send two children into the street; let one be a bare-headed, bare-footed ragamuffin, with a face which perhaps never had more than one thorough washing, hair that never heard of any finer comb than his own greasy fingers, and a mouth about which are grinned in, and succeeded in relief, the remains of a week's broth, or porridge, and no one would think of giving him a hand to help him through any mud-puddle, or over any gutter, unless where they thought he might be drowned; and this only perhaps because the admonitions of conscience might be a little stronger than their disgust at the sight of him; and if he should get run over in the street, you would hear no other remark, than that he was a dirty dog, and might have got out of the way.

On the other hand, send a sweet little girl into the street, looking like a new blown rose, with the glistening dew drops hanging from its leaves, with her neat bonnet, without a shade upon its lustre, her frock emulating the snow-drift in its whiteness, her unsouiled stockings indicating the perfection of nature's statuary beneath